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Two sides to every coin



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Chapter 1 by FelinaTheDevil

Artemis stared at her reflection. She wasn't shocked by what she saw anymore. It was always the same.

Instead of light olive skin, it was sickly pale; dark red replaced her brown eyes, and her hair was raven instead of chestnut brown. Sighing, she said to no one in particular, "Will this mirror ever show something else?"

Artemis already knew the answer.

With one last look at the mirror which showed her true self, she turned around, leaving her room and hoping today wouldn't turn out like every other day.

Blood.

Chapter 2 by ForbiddenMoonlight



Artemis didn't need knives, but she carried them.

'A safeguard' she told herself, but she knew it was that thing within that wanted them.

She left her apartment, glancing warily around. The danger wasn't evident at first, but it was always there.

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Artemis sighed and lifted her hood. She looked ordinary on the outside,

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Some in this dark side of the city weren't so lucky, although it was always surprising when she saw someone who just... glowed.

Then again, she ended up killing them, like she killed all of those who showed what only the mirror showed.

She told herself it was so she could stay hidden, but the thing inside of her was envious. It thirsted for blood.

Artemis had constructed a perfect shell around herself, which she believed to be true. Almost. Almost.

Chapter 3 by Alexandria Kerr



It was long before this that Artemis found out who she truly was. It wasn't a split second change, it wasn't a quick minute of passing pain, no, it was a long, unruly and utterly painful progression of herself that nobody could see but her. Outwardly, she seemed to be fine. Maybe even pleasant, but years of living in a harsh and unforgiving place had changed her for the worse.

She went about her days, killing and surviving, not hoping any longer for the change in the mirror or the change inside. She knew that it would not come any time soon. She knew it would never come.

Unless she found and wrung the life out of the person who made the world like this. Who made her like this. The one responsible for taking her away from those she loved and had once longed every day for.

No, this was not an option. This could never come to fruition. She could never kill her own mother.

Chapter 4 by Dan Ramazan



Her blood turned to ice when she saw him

"Good hunting, Artemis." He came closer and took off his hat. Artemis looked at him, not daring to look around. Calling for help is not an option when she was alone. He never made mistakes.

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"I just wanted to talk. Tonight you are not on my list." The short, thin black man smiled at her.

"Good hunting, Judge Morrison," Artemis responded, trying not to think about this terrifying "tonight" in his words.

"Would you take a walk with me? I remember that the river in this town is especially beautiful in the moonlight," He put on his hat and held out his hand to her. Artemis touched his palm with her fingers and the two figures disappeared into a dark whirlwind.

A second later, the same whirlwind brought two figures to the bridge over the river. Artemis grimaced and pulled back her hand. She never liked this place. She was annoyed by the sounds of water, the trash rising on the surface of the river and the damp stench. The judge, on the contrary, looked pleased and looked around with a dreamy smile.

"It's not the first time I walk along this river with a beautiful girl," He bowed his head to Artemis. "One of the undoubted advantages of our existence - every year you find more and more places bringing warm memories. And I do not get tired of repeating - that's a very easy goal to achieve. You only need to follow our simple laws."

He gestured for her to follow, and they slowly walked along towards the bank of the river.

"I see that you are wondering why I visited you this night, and you have every right to do so. You didn't break any laws. Moreover, you have always been an example to others, Artemis. You weren't bloodthirsty, you avoided conflicts with your sisters and brothers, and led a quiet life in this small town. In my humble opinion, you should travel more, but that's hardly a sin. Just small advice from an old man who thinks he knows better," Artemis didn't dare interrupt him, waiting for him to get to the point.

"But my colleagues don't think so. It seems to them that your new life burdens you. They remember your rage after birth. They remember, and so do I how you wanted to find and tear apart your mother when you learned who you became. Of course, I mean your true night mother," Artemis stiffened, instinctively reaching for the hidden knives. But the judge turned away from her and approached an old willow and gently touched the trunk of the tree.

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and unique. Maybe at that time, it was," He turned away from the tree and looked at Artemis's right pocket, where she hid her knives.

"Yes, nothing is new under this moon, Artemis. Vampires who tried to kill their nocturnal parents are not an exception. In those rare instances when they succeeded, retaliation was swift and inevitable. They never understood and appreciated a rare gift that was given to them. A gift a lot of people died for. That's why our court doesn't forgive such a crime," He came closer to trembling Artemis and laid a hand on her shoulder. "Perhaps you already know, perhaps you don't. It doesn't change that your mother had arrived here this night. I don't agree with other judges, I believe that you mean no harm to her anymore. This belief is the only thing that separates you from the eternal darkness. Don't forget it, girl."

The black whirlwind enveloped Judge Morrison, and she was left alone. Still trembling, Artemis approached the old willow and struck the bark with a knife, leaving a deep scar on a crooked heart. Then again and again, until a fresh wound on a tree hid traces from Harry Morrison's memories of the Ashley she'd never meet.

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